Metrical Translations and Poems

By

Frederic H. Hedge
and
Annis Lee Wister

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
Houghton, Mifflin and Company
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1888

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Translations

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TRANSLATIONS

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SONG OF THE ANGELS

From Faust.

RAPHAEL.

HE sun with brother orbs is sounding
Still, as of old, his rival song,
As on his destined journey bounding
With thunder-step he sweeps along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime;
And all Thy lofty works, Creator,
Are grand as in creation's prime!

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought-surpassing, fleetly
The earth's green pomp is spinning round,
And paradise alternates sweetly
With night terrific and profound.

There foams the sea, its broad wave beating
Against the steep cliff's rocky base,
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In never-ending spheral chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms with rival fury heaving
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still as they rave a chain are weaving
Of linkéd efficacy grand.
There burning desolation blazes,
Precursor of the thunder's way;
But, Lord, Thy servants own with praises
The gentle movement of Thy day.

ALL THREE.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime;
And all Thy lofty works, Creator,
Are grand as in creation's prime.

THE SUNSET

From Faust.

E sinks, he vanishes, the day is done.
Yonder he speeds, and sheds new life forever.
Oh, had I wings to rise and follow on
Still after him with fond endeavor!
Then should I see beneath my feet
The hushed world's everlasting vesper,
Each summit tipped with fire, each valley's silence sweet,
The silver brook, the river's molten jasper;
And naught should stay my God-competing flight,
Though savage mountains now with all their ravines,
And now the ocean with its tempered havens,
Successive greet the astonished sight.
The God at length appears as he were sinking,
But still the impulse is renewed;
I hasten on, the light eternal drinking,
The day pursuing, by the night pursued;

Above the sky, beneath the ocean spread.
A glorious dream! Meanwhile the sun has sped.
In vain the spirit plies her active wings
While still to earth the earth-born body clings.

FAUST'S CURSE

THOUGH the torn heart a moment's healing
Imbibed from that familiar strain,
And what remained of childish feeling
Echoed the dear old time again;
Yet cursed be henceforth all that borrows
A magic lure to charm the breast,
That — prisoned in this cave of sorrows —
Would dazzle us or lull to rest.
Cursed before all the high opinion
With which the mind itself deludes;
Cursed be Appearance whose dominion
Its shows on human sense intrudes;
Cursed all that to Ambition caters
With honor and a deathless name;
Cursed all that as Possession flatters,
As wife and child, and goods, and game.

Cursed when with hope of golden treasure
He spurs our spirits to the fight,
And cursed be Mammon when for pleasure
He lays the tempting pillow right.
Cursed be the grape's balsamic potion,
And cursed be Love's delicious thrall,
And cursed be Hope, and Faith's devotion,
And cursed be Patience more than all!

THE ANSWER OF THE SPIRITS TO FAUST'S CURSE

O! Wo!
Destroyed it thou hast,
The beautiful world
With the blow of thy fist
To ruin hast hurled.
This hath a demigod shattered.
The fragments to nothing we've scattered.
Sadly we the lost surrender.
Fairer now,
Earth's son in splendor
Rarer, now,
Oh, re-create it!
In thine own bosom build it again!
New life beginning,

Thought clearer winning;
Then celebrate it
  Songs with new cheer!

THE EASTER SONG

From Faust.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

HRIST has arisen!
Joy ye dispirited
Mortals whom merited
Trailing inherited
Woes did imprison!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Costly devices
  We had prepared,
Shroud and sweet spices,
  Linen and nard.
Wo! the disaster!
  Whom we here laid,
Gone is the Master,
  Empty his bed!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!
Loving and glorious,
Out of laborious
Conflict victorious.
Hail to the Risen!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Hath the inhumated,
  Upward aspiring,
Hath he consummated
  All his desiring?
Is he in growing bliss
  Near the creative joy?
Wearily we in this
  Earthly house sigh.
Empty and hollow, us
  Left he unblest?
Master, thy followers
  Envy thy rest.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

  Christ hath arisen
Out of Corruption's womb
  Burst every prison!
Vanish death's gloom!

Active in charity,
Praise him in verity!
His feast prepare it ye!
His message bear it ye!
His joy declare it ye!
Then is the Master near,
Then is he here.

SONG OF THE EARTH SPIRIT

From Faust.

N floods of life, in action's storm,
Above, beneath,
To and fro I am weaving
Now birth, now death,
A deep ever heaving,
With change still flowing,
With life all glowing,
The roaring loom of time I ply,
And weave the live garment of Deity.

PROMETHEUS

Y! veil thy heavens, Zeus!
With clouds and mist,
And exercise,
As boys lop thistle-heads,
Thy strength on oaks and mountain-tops!

My earth here below
Thou must still let stand,
And my hut which thou buildedst not,
And here my hearth
Whose glow thou enviest.

Nothing poorer I know
Beneath the sun than you Gods!
Your majesty
Ye nourish sparely
With sacrifice,
And breath of prayer,
And soon would starve
Were not children and beggars
Fools of hope.

When a child, unknowing
Which way to turn,
I raised to the sun

My wandering eye
As if there above
Were an ear to listen
To my complaint,
A heart like mine
To pity the oppressed.

Who helped me repel
The Titans' insolence?
Who rescued me from death?
Who from bondage redeemed me?
Hast thou not done it
Thyself, my heart?
Heart of mine holy-glowing,
Glow'dst young and good, — betrayed.
Shall I render thanks
To the sleeper on high?

I honor thee? For what?
Hast thou assuaged ever
The pangs of the burdened?
Hast thou ever dried
The tears of distress?
Who moulded me to manhood?
Omnipotent Time,
Eternal Fate, —
My lords and thine.

Didst fancy forsooth
That I would hate life,
Would flee to the desert,
Because not all my
Dream-blossoms ripened?

Here I plant me,
Form men in my image,
A race, my equals,
To suffer, to weep,
To enjoy and be glad,
And thee not to heed,
Like me.

GOETHE

GANYMEDE

OW in morning splendor
Thou round me glowest,
Spring beloved!
How through my heart thrills
The holy joy
Of thy warmth eternal,
Infinite Beauty!
Oh, might I clasp thee
Within these arms.

Lo! on thy breast here
Prone I languish.
And thy flowers and thy grass
Press themselves on my heart.
Thou coolest the torturing
Thirst of my bosom,
Love-breathing morning-wind.
Warbles the nightingale;
Wooing she calls from the misty vale.
I come! I come!
Whither? Ah! whither?
Up, upward it draws me,
The clouds are floating
Downward, the clouds stoop,
Bend to love's yearning,
Here! Here!
In your embraces
Upward!
Embracing, embraced, up!
Up to thy bosom,
All-loving Father.

GOETHE

MY GODDESS

O which of the Immortals
Is the highest prize due?
I quarrel with no one,
But I assign it
To the ever-active,
Ever novel,
Jove's wondrous daughter,
His pet child,
Fantasy.

For to her he conceded
The humors all,
Which else he reserves
For himself alone,
And has his pleasure
In the darling.

Rose-wreathed now,
With lily-stalk
She may tread the flower-valleys,
Command summer-birds,
And with bee-lips
Suck from blossoms
Light, nourishing dew.

Now again
With streaming hair
And eye of gloom
She may rave with the wind
Round walls of rock,
And thousand-colored
Like morning and evening,
And ever changing,
Like moon-glimpses,
Appear to mortals.

Let each and all
The Father praise,
The old, the high,
Who with mortal man
Vouchsafed to couple
This beautiful
Unfading spouse.

For to us hath he joined her,
To us alone,
With heavenly bonds,
And bound it upon her
In joy and sorrow
To swerve from us never,
A partner true.

Ever the other
Indigent tribes
Of the child-abounding,
Life-breathing earth
Wander and pasture
In dim fruition,
And heavy dull pains
Of their momentary
Bounded existence,
Bowed by Necessity's
Pitiless yoke.

But to us he hath given,
Oh, joy! his aptest
Delicate daughter;
Entreat her kindly
As one beloved,
And grant her the honors
Of the lady of the house.
And let not the aged
Stepmother, Wisdom,
Affront the dear soul
With frowns reproving.

Yet know I her sister,
The elder, the graver,
My quiet friend.
With the light of life only

May she depart from me,
The noble inciter,
Comforter — Hope!

GOETHE

MAHOMET'S SONG

EE the rock-born spring!
A joy-bright thing,
Like a starry eye;
High o'er clouds
Friendly spirits
Nursed his childhood
In the bush amid the cliffs.

Youthful, fresh
From the clouds he dances down,
Down upon the marble rocks,
And shouts back again
Toward heaven.

Through mountain passes
He chases the gay pebbles
And, with early leader-step
Marching, sweeps along with him
His brother fountains.

In the valley down below
Flowers spring beneath his step;
The meadow lives
  By his breath.

But no valley's shade detains him,
And no flowers
That cling about his knees
And flatter him with eyes of love.
Tow'rd the plain his course he steers
  Serpentining.

Brooklets nestle
Fondly to his side; he enters
Now the plain in silvery splendor
And the plain his splendor shares.
And the rivers from the plains
And the torrents from the mountains
Shout to him and clamor: Brother!
Brother, take thy brothers with thee,
With thee to thy ancient father,
To the everlasting ocean,
Who with outstretched arms awaits us.
Arms, alas! which vainly open
To embrace his loving children.
For the greedy sand devours us;
In the dreary waste the sunbeams
Suck our blood, or else a hill

To a pool confines us. Brother!
Take thy brothers from the plain,
Take thy brothers from the mountains,
Take them with thee to thy sire!

Come ye all, then!
Now in grander volume swelling
All his kindred
Bear their sovereign Prince aloft,
And in rolling triumph he
Gives names to countries; cities
Start to life beneath his feet.
Irrepressibly he rushes,
Leaves the city's flaming spires,
Domes of marble, a creation
Of his wealth, he leaves behind.

Cedar palaces the Atlas
Bears upon his giant shoulders,
Over him a thousand banners
Rustle waving in the breeze,
Testifying of his glory.

Thus he bears along his brothers,
And his treasures, and his children;
Thundering joy, he bears them on
To the waiting father's heart.

GOETHE

PRIMEVAL WORDS

Orphic.

Δαίμων.

S on that day which launched thee into being
The sun related stood to every planet
Thy life commenced, and with that doom agreeing
Obeys till now the impulse which began it.
Such must thou be, thyself thy fate decreeing;
Thus did the sibyl say, the prophet sang it;
Nor time nor force that inwrought type can sever
Which through thy life unfolds itself forever.

Τύχη.

Yet hath this fixed a movable enfolded,
That round us, with us moves, our path pursuing;
Not by ourselves alone, by others moulded,
We learn to do as we see others doing.
And Fortune rules, now lauded, and now scolded;

Youth sports with life, its graver cares
eschewing.
Until the fullness of the years invite it,
The lamp doth wait the flame that shall ignite
it.

Ἔρως.

It comes at length, from highest heaven de-
scending,
Whither of old from chaos void it flew,
Nearer it comes, its light wings earthward
bending,
And brow and bosom with spring gales
doth woo;
Now seeming to depart, now hither tending.
Then pleasure grows to pain, so wild, so
new.
And while with fickle aims the many palter,
The true heart worships at one chosen altar.

Ἀνάγκη.

And thus it stands as in the stars we read it
Once more. Condition, law; and all our
willing
Is willing only because Heaven decreed it.
That will prevails each wilder impulse still-
ing
Each fond caprice; the idols that mislead it
The heart renounces, Duty's law fulfilling.

With show of freedom now the years surround us
While straiter limits than before have bound us.

Ἐλπίς.

Strait be the limits Duty's law enforces,
Let walls of adamant around us rise;
Yet know I one whose flight in triumph courses
High over all, and time and space defies.
Hail to thee Hope; thy airy being's sources
Are sun and mist, thy path the boundless skies,
By thee impelled, no age, no zone can bind us;
Wave but thy wing, and æons lie behind us.

GOETHE

COPTIC SONG

LEAVE to the learned their vain disputations,
Strict and sedate let the pedagogues be,
Ever the wise of all ages and nations
Nod to each other, and smile and agree;

Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly,
Fool them and rule them, for so it should be.

Merlin the old in his tomb ever shining,
Where as a youngling I heard him divining,
Similar counsel confided to me;
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly,
Fool them and rule them, since fools they will be.

Mountains frequented by Indian adorers,
Crypts, the resort of Egyptian explorers,
All that is sacred confirms the decree;
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly,
Fool them and rule them, for so it must be.

GOETHE

HARZ JOURNEY IN WINTER

S soars the hawk
On heavy morning clouds
With downy pinions resting,
Intent on prey,
Soar thou my song!

For a God hath to each
His path prescribed,
Where the happy rush swift
To the joyful goal.
But he whose heart is
Shrunk with misfortune,
He vainly struggles
Against the strong bond
Of the iron thread
Which only the too-bitter shears
Shall one day sever.

To awful thickets
Press the wild game,
And together with the sparrows,
Long since the wealthy
Have slunk to their bogs.

'T is easy following
Where Fortune leads,
Like the comfortable train
On mended ways, after
A prince's entrance.

But who goes apart there?
His path is lost in the bush,
Behind him the thicket
Closes together,

The grass stands straight again,
The desert devours him.

His wounds who shall heal
To whom balm became poison?
Who out of love's fullness
Drank hatred of men.
First despiséd, then a despiser,
Devouring in secret
His own worth in
Unsatisfied selfhood.
Is there, Father of Love,
A tone in thy psalter
That can speak to his ear?
Oh, comfort his heart!
Ope Thou his clouded eye
To the thousand springs
That beside him in the desert
Gush for the thirsting.

Thou who createst
Joys in abundance,
So that each one's cup runneth over,
Bless the brothers of the chase,
On the track of their game,
In youthful wantonness
Of frolic slaughter,
Late avengers of the mischief

Against which vainly
For years the peasant
Strove with his club.
But envelop the lone one
In thy gold clouds;
With wintergreen entwine, Love!
Till blossoms the rose again,
The moist locks of thy poet.

With torch dimly gleaming
Thou lightest him
In his goings by night
Over ways that are fathomless,
Through fields that are desolate.
With the thousand-colored morning
Thou laugh'st to the heart of him.
With the biting storm
Thou bearest him aloft.
Winter-streams from the rocks
Pour into his palms,
And an altar of sweetest thanksgiving
Is to him the dreaded mountain's
Snow-piled summit
With spirit-ranks crowned
By boding nations.

Thou[1] standest with unexplored bosom
Mysteriously revealed

[1] The Brocken.

Above the astonished world,
And gazest through clouds
On their realms and their glory
Which thou enrichest from the veins
Of thy brothers beside thee.

GOETHE

UNCLE[1] KRONOS

(*Time as a stage-driver; Life, a day's journey.*)

HURRY thee, Kronos!
On with thy rattling trot!
Down-hill goes the way;
Thy loitering sickens
My dizzy brain.
On, over stock and stone!
Jolt as it may,
Bear me swift into life!

Now again with
Breath-exhausting stride,
Hard the up-hill way.
Up, then! and tarry not,
Striving, hoping, still up!

[1] In the German, *Schwager*, brother-in-law, — a slang term applied to stage-drivers.

Wide, high, glorious the view!
Prospect of life all around!
From mountain to mountain afar
Broods the eternal mind,
Eternal life presaging.

Sidewise the hut's shady covert
Thee invites,
And a solace-foretokening look
On the threshold of yonder maid.
Solace thee! Me too, maiden,
Bless with the foaming draught,
Bless with thy health-beaming eye!

Down, then! More swiftly descend!
See! the sun now sinks;
Quick, ere it set, ere chilly age
O'ertake me on the moor
Ere my toothless jaws chatter
And my shambling limbs fail.

Drunk with the sun's last ray,
Whirl me! A sea of fire
Flush in my swimming eyes —
Whirl me dazzled and reeling
Into Hell's nocturnal gate!

Sound, O driver, thy horn!
Clatter with echoing tramp

That Orcus may know we are coming;
That the host may be at the door
To give us friendly reception.

GOETHE

THE KING IN THULE

THERE lived a king in Thule,
A truer never breathed,
To him his mistress duly
A golden cup bequeathed.

That cup, his choicest treasure,
He drained at every bout;
His eyes ran o'er with pleasure
Whene'er he drank thereout.

His day of life declining,
His towns he reckoned up,
All to his heirs resigning,
All but the golden cup.

Once more he held high wassail
With all his chivalry
In his ancestral castle,
His castle by the sea.

The old toper ere he perished
There drank life's parting glow,
Then flung the cup he cherished
Into the wave below.

He saw it falling, drinking,
And sinking in the sea,
His eyes the while were sinking,
Ne'er another drop drank he.

GOETHE

THE FISHER

THE water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisher seated nigh
Cool to the heart his angle held,
And watched with dreamy eye.

And as he sits and watches there,
Behold! the waves divide;
With dripping hair a woman fair
Uprises from the tide.

She sang to him, and thus she sued,
"With human arts, oh, why,
Why lurest thou my favored brood
In daylight's glow to die?

"Ah, knewest thou how cheerily
The little fishes fare,
Thou 'd'st dive with me beneath the sea
And find contentment there.

"Doth not the blessed sun at noon
His face in ocean lave?
Doth not the ripple-breathing moon
Look lovelier in the wave?

"Doth not the deep-down heaven invite
The moist transfigured blue?
Doth not thine own fair face delight,
Seen through the eternal dew?"

The water rushed, the water swelled,
It laved his naked feet;
The fisher's heart with longing thrilled
As when true lovers greet.

She sang to him, she spake to him,
With him then all was o'er,
She half compels, while half he wills,
And straight is seen no more.

GOETHE

MIGNON'S SONG

KNOW'ST thou the land that bears the citron's bloom?
The golden orange glows 'mid verdant gloom,
A gentle wind from heaven's blue azure blows,
The myrtle low, and high the laurel grows, —
Know'st thou the land?[1]
Oh, there! oh, there!
Would I with thee, my best beloved, repair.

Know'st thou the house, the columns' stately line?
The hall is splendid and the chambers shine,
And marble statues stand and look at me;
Alas! poor child, what have they done to thee?
Know'st thou the house?[1]
Oh, there! oh, there!
Would I with thee, my guardian dear, repair.

Know'st thou the mountain with its cloudy slopes?
The mule his way through mist and darkness gropes;

[1] Literally, "Know'st thou it well?" But the word "well," in this case, does not answer to the German *Wohl.*

In caverns dwells the dragon's ancient brood,
Tumbles the rock and over it the flood, —
Know'st thou the mountain ?[1]
There ! oh, there !
Our pathway lies ; O father, let us fare !

GOETHE

TO THE MOON

MOON that fillest wood and dell
With thy misty light !
Once again thy magic spell
Frees my spirit quite.

Comforting o'er all the scene
Broods thy tranquil ray,
Like a friend, whose eye serene
Smiles upon my way.

Echoes come of grief and glee ;
Each remembered tone —
All the past comes back to me,
Wandering here alone.

Flow, flow on, belovèd stream,
Ceaseless is my woe ;

So fled love's delicious dream,
  Truth and honor so!

Gone the joy that once was mine,
  Gone, but precious yet!
Reft of all I vainly pine,
  Vainly would forget.

River, rush the vale along!
  Rush and never stay;
Suit thy murmurs to my song;
  Dear to me alway,

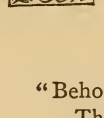
Whether through the wintry night
  Raves the swelling flood,
Or, to make the springtide bright,
  Feeds each opening bud.

Happy he who without hate
  Shuns the world's rude noise,
Link'd to one who shares his fate,
  And with him enjoys

What by multitudes unguessed,
  Or unheeded quite,
Haunts the mazes of the breast
  In the silent night.

GOETHE.

SPIRIT-GREETING



E stands upon the turret high,
The hero's noble wraith,
And to the skiff that passeth by,
"Fair speed the voyage!" he saith.

"Behold these sinews were so strong,
This heart so strong and wild,
Such pith did to these bones belong,
So high the board was piled.

"One half my life I stormed away,
One half in rest I drew;
And thou, thou mortal of to-day,
Thy mortal path pursue!"

GOETHE

THE SINGER

HAT strains are these before the gate?
Upon the bridge what chorus?
Go, bring the minstrel hither straight,
And let him play before us!

The king commands, the page retires,
The page returns, the king requires
The aged man to enter.

"God greet ye, lords and ladies gay!
What wealth of starry lustre!
Star upon star in rich array,
Who names each shining cluster?
Amid such wealth and pomp sublime
Shut, shut, mine eyes! this is no time
To gaze in stupid wonder."

He closed his eyes, he struck a chord,
A brave old ditty played he,
Looked boldly on each noble lord,
And in her lap each lady.
The king, delighted with the strain,
Commanded that a golden chain
Reward the honored singer.

"The golden chain give not to me,
Bestow it on thy Ritter,
Who bears the palm of chivalry
Where hostile lances glitter.
Bestow it on thy Chancellor,
And be one golden burden more
To other burdens added.

"My song is like the woodbird's note,
An unbought, careless burden;
The lay that gushes from the throat
Is all-sufficient guerdon.
But might I choose, this choice were mine, —
A beaker of the richest wine,
A golden beaker bring me!"

The beaker brought, the minstrel quaffed:
"Oh balmy cup of blessing!
And blessed the house, in such a draught
A common boon possessing!
When fortune smiles, then think of me,
And thank ye God as heartily
As I for this now thank ye."

GOETHE

THE KNIGHT TOGGENBURG

NIGHT, the love I owe a brother
I to thee may give;
Sister's love, demand no other,
For it makes me grieve.
All thy coming, all thy going,
Tranquil I would see,
Nor with silent grief o'erflowing,
Meaningless to me.

And he hears with anguish smarting,
Mounts his trusty steed,
With a wild embrace departing,
Though his bosom bleed.
At his summons round him rally
All his Switzer-band,
With the cross bedecked they sally
To the Holy Land.

There great feats of valor glorious
Prove a hero's arm,
And his pennon waves victorious
Where the foemen swarm.
And the Toggenburger's daring
Scares the Saracen,
But the wound, his bosom tearing,
Will not heal again.

One long year he bore the sorrow,
He could bear no more;
Peace from war he could not borrow,
Quits the Paynim shore.
Sees a ship with canvas swelling,
Hastes from Joppa's strand
To the clime which holds her dwelling,
Which her breath has fanned.

To her hall the pilgrim hies him,
Knocketh at her gate,

Thunder-tidings there surprise him,
He has come too late.
"She you seek is consecrated,
All with veil and vows
Yesterday with God was mated,
Now is Heaven's spouse."

Then the knight renounced forever
Castle, sword, and spear,
Saw his unused armor never,
Nor his charger dear.
From the Toggenburg descended
Fares he forth unknown;
Limbs that once with steel were splendid
Now the hair-cloth own.

Far removed from war and glory
He hath built his home
Where from out the lindens hoary
Shows the convent's dome.
There he sat when morn was gleaming,
Sat till close of day;
Eyes with fond expectance beaming—
Watched he there alway;

Looked to where the convent glistened
Ancient trees among;
Toward her casement looked and listened
Till the casement swung,

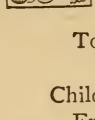
Till the loved one he discovered,
  Till her image mild
Bending o'er the valley hovered,
  On the valley smiled.

Solaced then, nor further wooing,
  Laid himself to rest,
Trusting, with the day ensuing,
  To be newly blest.
Every other hope resigning,
  While the years went round,
Thus he waited unrepining
  For the casement's sound;

Till the loved one he discovered,
  Till her image mild
Bending o'er the valley hovered,
  On the valley smiled.
Thus one morning found him lying
  Cold in death's embrace;
Toward her casement still, in dying,
  Gazed the tranquil face.

SCHILLER

THE PILGRIM



IFE'S first beams were bright around me,
When I left my father's cot,
Breaking every tie that bound me
To that dear and hallowed spot.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasures,
Freely I renounced them all;
Went in quest of nobler treasures,
Trusting to a higher call.

For to me a voice had spoken,
And a Spirit seemed to say:
Wander forth, the path is broken,
Yonder, eastward lies thy way.

Rest not till a golden portal
Thou hast reached, — there enter in;
And what thou hast prized as mortal,
There, immortal life shall win.

Evening came, and morn succeeded;
On I sped and never tired;
Cold, nor heat, nor storm I heeded;
Boundless hope my soul inspired.

Giant cliffs rose up before me,
  Horrid wilds around me lay;
O'er the cliffs my spirit bore me;
  Through the wilds I forced my way;

Came to where a mighty river
  Eastward rolled its sullen tide;
Forth I launched with bold endeavor:
  "Pilgrim stream, be thou my guide!"

It hath brought me to the ocean
  Now, upon the wide, wide sea,
Where 's the land of my devotion?
  What I seek seems still to flee.

Woe is me! no path leads thither;
  Earth's horizons still retreat;
Yonder never will come hither,
  Sea and sky will never meet!

SCHILLER

LONGING

FROM this vale with hills o'ertowering,
From these mists in which I pine,
From these skies forever lowering,
Could I flee, what joy were mine!

Sunny slopes that smile "Come hither!"
Ever-blooming fields I see,
Had I wings to waft me thither,
Thither straight my course would be.

Harmonies I hear resounding,
Tones that breathe a heavenly calm,
And the breezes there abounding
Waft towards me fragrant balm.

Golden fruits I see inviting,
Glowing 'mid the leafy shades,
And those blooming flowers no blighting
Breath of icy winter fades.

'Neath that sunshine ever glowing
Life, how lovely and how fair!
And upon those hilltops blowing
Oh how fresh must be the air!

But the flood that rolls between me
And the land for which I sigh
Fiercely sweeps; my heart within me
Trembles as it rushes by.

Lo! a skiff, — I see it nearing,
What if pilot there be none!
Swift aboard! no danger fearing,
Inspiration bears it on.

Dare and trust, whate'er betide thee,
From the gods no pledge demand,
'T is a wonder that must guide thee
Would'st thou win the wonder-land.

SCHILLER

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

SAW'ST thou a castle fair?
Yon castle by the sea;
Golden and rosy there
The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would descend
Into the wave below,
And fain would it soar and blend
With the evening's crimson glow.

Yon castle have I viewed,
Yon castle by the sea;
The moon above it stood
And the mists hung heavily.

The wind and the heaving sea
Sounded they fresh and strong?
From the Hall came notes of glee,
Harping and festive song?

The winds and the waters all
Rested in slumber deep,
And I heard from the groaning Hall
Music that made me weep.

Saw'st thou the king and his spouse
Walking there side by side,
The diadem on their brows,
And their mantles waving wide?

Led they their cherished one
With joy, a daughter fair,
Resplendent as the sun
In the light of her golden hair?

Well saw I the royal pair,
But without the crown I wot;

Dark mourning weeds they wear.
The maiden saw I not.

UHLAND

THE DREAM

I DREAMED not long ago
I stood on a rocky steep,
On a cliff by the ocean's strand,
And I looked far over the land,
And down on the glorious deep.

Beneath me, in gallant trim,
A stately bark lay moored,
The surge its dark side laving,
Gayly its flag was waving,
And a pilot stood on board.

And behold there came from the mountains
A merry, merry band;
Bedecked with garlands bright,
They seemed like spirits of light,
As they tripped along the strand.

"Say, pilot, wilt thou take us?"
"What nymphs be ye so gay?"

"Earth's Joys and Pleasures are we,
From earth we fain would flee,
Oh, bear us from earth away!"

Then the pilot he bade them enter;
And they entered one by one.
"But tell me, are here all?
Are none left in bower or hall?"
And they answered, "None."

Away then! the bark unmoored,
Leaped gayly from the anchor's thrall,
And away she sped with a glorious motion,
And I saw them vanish over the ocean,
Earth's Joys and Pleasures all.

UHLAND

FROM HEINE

I'M tossed and driven to and fro;
A few hours more and I shall meet her,
The maid than whom earth holds no sweeter.
Heart! my heart, why throb'st thou so?

But the Hours they are lazy folk,
Leisurely their slow steps dragging,
Yawning, creeping, lingering, lagging,
Come! hurry on, you lazy folk!

With hurry and worry I 'm driven and chased,
But the Hours were never in love, I judge,
And so they conspire and wreak their grudge
By secretly mocking lover's haste.

FROM LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

E whose soul's prophetic feeling,
Softly through his senses stealing,
Warns him that his end is nigh,—
At the gate of Mercy kneeling
Let him place his trust on high.
God our refuge and defence—
God shall ease his going hence.

See ye how the east is sparkling?
Hear ye angel voices singing
To the newborn morning's ray?
Ye who long have wandered darkling,
Welcome death, deliverance bringing,
Gracious messenger of day.

Give him friendly salutation,
He your friendship will repay,
Change to joy your lamentation;
Such hath been his wont alway.

He whose soul's prophetic feeling,
Softly o'er his senses stealing,
Warns him that his end is nigh, —
At the gate of Mercy kneeling
Let him place his trust on high.
God our refuge and defence —
God will ease his going hence.

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE

HAT gleams from yon wood in the bright sunshine?
Hear it nearer and nearer sounding;
It moveth along in a lowering line,
And wailing horns their shrill notes combine,
The hearer with terror astounding.
Ask you whence those black horsemen? what meaneth their race?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

What is it that flits through the forest shade,
From mountain to mountain stealing?
Now it lurks in a darkling ambuscade,
Now the wild hurrah and the cannonade
O'er the fallen Frank are pealing.
Ask you whence those black huntsmen? what game do they trace?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Where yon vineyards bloom, where the Rhine-waves dash,
The tyrant had sought him a cover,
But sudden and swift, like the lightning's flash,
The avenger plunges, the billows flash,
And his strong arms have ferried him over.
Ask you why those black swimmers the Rhine embrace?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

What conflict rages in yonder glen?
What meaneth the broadswords' clashing?
'T is the conflict of iron-hearted men,
And the watch-fires of freedom are kindled again,
The heavens are red with their flashing.
Ask ye who those black warriors? what foe do they face?
That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Who yonder are smiling farewell to the light,
  Where the foe breathes his last execration?
Death's shadows have swathed their brows in night,
But their hearts are true, and their souls are bright,
  They have seen their country's salvation.
Ask ye who are those struggling in Death's embrace?
That was Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

Ay, the wild chase and the German chase,
  Let tyrants and hangmen shun it.
But mourn not for us who have run our race,
The country is free, and the day dawns apace,
  What though with our lives we have won it?
And be it proclaimed from race to race,
That was Lützow's wild and desperate chase.

TH. KÖRNER

LUTHER'S HYMN

MIGHTY fortress is our God,
  A bulwark never failing,
Our helper He, amid the flood
  Of mortal ills prevailing;

For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He,
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not at him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;

The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

ORIGINAL POEMS

THE CLASS OF "TWENTY-FIVE" ON THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

FORTY years have rolled away,
Friends, since we who meet to-day
Entered on the world's highway,
In eighteen twenty-five.

Forty years of manhood's strain,
Forty years of joy and pain,
Crown us as we meet again,—
Class of "Twenty-five."

Hear your class-day spokesman say,
Not in Greek or Latin, nay!
But in plain vernacula,
Welcome "Twenty-five!"

Welcome, classmates, one and all!
Let the mask of rigor fall, —
Hearty mirth once more recall,
Merry "Twenty-five!"

Forty times hath summer bloomed,
Forty times hath winter gloomed,
Forty years have not consumed
All of "Twenty-five."

Yet, thinned locks and visage sere
Witness, Time hath forayed here;
Thinned by death your ranks appear,
Class of "Twenty-five."

Peace! to those who with us trod
Long since Alma's classic sod, —
Cherished classmates gone to God,
Friends of "Twenty-five."

Health! to those who still remain:
Jocund heart and active brain,
Living, still will we maintain,
We of "Twenty-five."

Living, still we trust to grow,
Still survives in us the glow
Kindled forty years ago,
In eighteen twenty-five.

Forty years have sped since we
Walked in learning's first "Degree";
Forty more, — and where will be
The class of "Twenty-five"?

THE CLASS OF 1825 ON THEIR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

ONCE more we meet as in our prime,
Old comrades tried and true;
Once more recall the golden time
When life and hope were new.

The Past returns, it reappears!
The ancient fountains flow,
And steals across these fifty years
A breath of long-ago.

Our Alma Mater, health to her!
'Tis in her name we meet;
But oh, how changed from what we were
When sitting at her feet!

Her children still, however changed
In this our life's decline,
The fifty years have not estranged
Our hearts from "old lang syne."

Our ranks are thinned: the half are gone
  Who shared our college-day;
Earth's trials o'er, they 've journeyed on —
  The unknown endless way.

To us is given a longer date,
  But "Time is on the wing";
We heed his flight, nor idly wait
  Whatever life may bring;

But gird us for the daily fight
  With daily cares and foes,
Till comes the long mysterious night
  And all our labors close.

Come when it will — that night of death!
  While flesh and heart survive,
We 'll cherish to our latest breath
  The class of Twenty-five.

FLORENCE IN NOVEMBER

1847.

WHAT magic spell detains the laggard year
A willing loiterer in this haunted vale?
See, from the Zodiac due, the Archer near
Essays in vain with nipping shaft to sear
Valdarno's breast secure in leafy mail.
The frolic rose still dances on its spray,
Staid Autumn apes the jocund airs of May,
And Boboli is bright with summer cheer.
Declare, ye sages! Della Crusca, say,
What witchery defies the season's sway
Where yet the Bear beholds his subject sphere?
'T is glory makes eternal summer here.
Let ground less hallowed own the year's decay;
Flush with her fathers' fame, Firenze flowers alway.

THE IDEALIST

HATH this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?
Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
Hang by my permission there?
Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,—
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand, thousand eyes
Scattered through the twinkling skies,
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;
Yet if I but will the view,
All creation lives anew;
Or — more wonderful — within
New creations do begin,
Hues more bright, and forms more rare
Than the world of sense doth wear,
Pass before the inner eye,
Born of its own sufficiency.

Visions come and visions go;
What is substance? what is show?
Is the world of sense more stable
Than the world which dreamers fable?
Will its life, with mine begun,
Vanish quite when that is done?
Or another consciousness
With the self-same forms impress?
Will those stars no longer blaze
When these eyes have ceased to gaze?
And the joy of things be o'er
When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me stirs and lives,
Life to all things living gives,
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance?
A reflection inward flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung
From thyself, — thyself a dream; —
Of the world's thinking thou the theme?
Be it thus, or be thy ray
Offspring of interior day,
Thought! through thee alone for me
Hath this world reality.
Therefore in thee will I live,
To thee all my being give,
Losing still that I may find
This bounded self in boundless mind.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS AND THE STARS

HE stars are watching at their posts
And raining silence from the sky;
Thus guarded by the heavenly hosts,
Earth closes her day-wearied eye.

A reign of holy quietness
Replaces the imperious light,
And Nature's grateful tribes confess
The calm beatitude of night:

When from the Arctic pit up-streams
The Boreal fire's portentous glare,
And bursting into arrowy streams,
Hurls horrid splendors on the air.

The embattled meteors scale the arch,
And toss their lurid banners wide;
Heaven reels with their tempestuous march
And quivers in the flashing tide.

Against the everlasting stars,
Against the old empyreal Right,

They vainly wage their anarch wars,
In vain they urge their fatuous light.

The skies may flash, and meteors glare,
And Hell invade the spheral school;
But Law and Love are sovereign there,
And Sirius and Orion rule.

The stars are watching at their posts,
Again the silences prevail;
The meteor crew, like guilty ghosts,
Have slunk to the "infernal jail."

The truths of God forever shine
Though Error glare and Falsehood rage;
The cause of Order is divine,
And Wisdom rules from age to age.

Faith, Hope, and Love, your time abide!
Let Hades marshal all his hosts,
The heavenly forces with you side;
The stars are watching at their posts.

PASSION HYMN

WAS the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed
Bleeding on the guilty cross, —
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall and Eden's loss.

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentile hate and Jewish malice
Lift the royal victim high,
Like the serpent wonder-gifted
Which the prophet once uplifted,
For a sinful world to die!

Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his light denied:
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled, when the Just One died.

It is finished, Man of sorrows!
From Thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While exalted there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred symbol be!
High and hoar amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to Thee!

Still to Thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's deep for us hath sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
Glory to Thy cross forever!
Star that points our high endeavor
Whither Thou hast gone before.

SURSUM CORDA

LEST be the light that shows the way,
And blest the way the light has shown!
We welcome the victorious day,
And every faithless fear disown.

A tyrant God, and Hell's despair,
No more becloud our earthly lives,
The heavens are wide, and room is there
For every soul that upward strives.

In love to God and love to man
Our simple creed finds ample scope;
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

Begone, ye spectres of the night
That once enthralled the darkened soul!
Our watchword be the inward light,
The onward march, the endless goal!

E PROFUNDIS

ENEATH Thy hammer, Lord! I lie
With contrite spirit prone:
Oh, mould me till to self I die
And live to Thee alone.

With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! Thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess,
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite! till from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but Thee
And have no will but Thine.

THE MORNING STAR

From the "New England Magazine."

SINGLE star how bright,
From earth-mists free,
In heaven's deep shrine its image burns!
Star of the morn, my spirit yearns
To be with thee.

Lord of the desert sky!
Night's last, lone heir,
Benign thou smilest from on high,
Pure, calm, as if an angel's eye
Were watching there.

Nor wholly vain I deem
The Magian plan,
That, sphered in thee, a spirit reigns
Who knows this earth, and kindly deigns
To succor man.

Gone are thy glittering peers,
Quenched each bright spark,
Save where some pale sun's lingering ghost,
Dull remnant of a scattered host,
Still spots the dark.

But thou, propitious star,
Night's youngest born,
Wilt not withdraw thy steady light
Till bursts on yonder snow-clad height
The rosy morn.

Fair orb! I love to watch
Thy tranquil ray;
Emblem art thou of Hope that springs
When joys are fled, and dreaming brings
The better day.

So when from my life's course
Its joys are riven,
Rise o'er the death-mists gathering dun,
Herald of an eternal sun,
Rise hope of Heaven!

CHRISTMAS HYMN

OME sing the olden song once more!
The Christmas carol sing;
From mouth to mouth, from shore to shore,
Let earth her tribute bring.

Though nigh two thousand years have sped,
The tale is ever fresh, —
Of woman born, in humble shed,
The word of God made flesh.

With guiding star and angels' song
Heaven greets the waiting earth,
And sages come and shepherds throng
To view the wondrous birth.

There see fulfilled those prophet-dreams,
That Hebrew vision old;
From Bethlehem's stall a glory streams
That makes the future gold.

A golden future, — health and peace
To all beneath the sun;
A time when wars and wrongs shall cease
And heaven and earth be one;

Be this our trust, through long delay
With no weak doubts defiled,
And be in all our hearts to-day
New born the eternal Child!

Translations

By ANNIS LEE WISTER

TRANSLATIONS

By ANNIS LEE WISTER

SOOTHING DAYS

LOVE the soft, delicious hours
Of days when Spring is in its birth,
The azure-tinted skies rain showers
Of warmth and splendor on the earth.
The ice still lingers in the valley,
The hills are bathed in sunny blue,
And forth from home the maidens sally,
And children's plays begin anew.

And I, on yonder hill-top standing,
Behold it all in still delight,
My heart with yearnings pure expanding
From which no wish is born outright.
A child I seem, and Nature's toying
Contents me with its tranquil charms,
Her calm and restful mood enjoying,
My soul lies cradled in her arms.

I love the soft, delicious hours
When 'neath the sun's yet cheering ray
Age says Farewell to fields and flowers;
Then Nature holds high holiday.
No more bedecked with bud and blossom,
Her active forces stir no more,
In silence gathered to her bosom,
Her depths profound she broodeth o'er.

The soul that late felt such elation,
Now sinks, from lofty soaring, low,
It learns a sad renunciation,
And memory contents it now.
So sweet the silence all attending,
So great its charm within the breast,
That I would gladly be descending
Within my grave to lie at rest.

LUDWIG UHLAND

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER

A SMITH was standing in his booth,
'Mid pearls and jewels fine:
"The brightest jewel here, in sooth,
Art thou to me, Helena,
Thou dearest daughter mine!"

A gallant knight there entered, with —
"Welcome, thou maiden fair,
And welcome thou, my trusty smith;
Make me a wreath, I pray thee,
For my sweet bride to wear."

And when the costly wreath was wrought,
And in rich brilliance shone,
Helena, filled with sadness, thought,
As on her arm she hung it
While seated all alone:

"Ah, happy she, upon whose brow
This brilliant wreath shall shine!
Ah, should that knight on me bestow
A wreath of roses only,
What joy would then be mine!"

Ere long returned the gallant knight,
And well the wreath he scanned:
"A ring with sparkling diamonds bright,
My trusty goldsmith, make me
For my fair maiden's hand."

And when the costly ring was wrought,
With many a brilliant stone,
Helena, filled with saddest thought,
Half drew it on her finger
While seated all alone:

"Ah, happy she, whose finger fair
With this bright ring shall shine!
If but one curl of his dear hair
That gallant knight should give me,
What joy would then be mine!"

Again the knight returned, and now
The ring likewise he scanned;
"Ah, well, my trusty smith, hast thou
These bright adornments fashioned
For that dear head and hand.

"Yet how they suit, that I may see,
Prithee, fair maiden, now
Come hither, let me try on thee
These jewels for my darling, —
She is as fair as thou."

It was a Sunday morning fair,
And therefore this sweet maid
Was for the day with reverent care,
The church-bells' call obeying,
All festally arrayed.

She came with lovely shame aglow
Before the knight to stand;
He placed the wreath upon her brow,
The ring upon her finger,
And then he took her hand:

"Helena sweet, Helena fair,
The jest aside be laid;
Thou art the bride, of all most dear,
For whom this golden chaplet,
For whom the ring was made.

"'Mid gold, and pearls, and jewels fine,
Thy years have passed till now;
And this to thee shall be the sign
That thou, in highest honor,
Through life with me shalt go."

LUDWIG UHLAND

MAY-DEW

N the meadows, on the forest
With the dawn of morning gray,
Spray from Eden's founts thou pourest,
Soft, refreshing Dew of May.
All that makes Spring's fragrant bowers
Sanctuaries of delight,
Tender leaves and blooming flowers,
Odors fine, declare thy might.

Every shell this Dew that drinketh
Straightway lovely pearls adorn,

When within the oak it sinketh
Thence the honey-bees are born.
And the bird that upward soaring
Dips in dew its slender bill
Learns the songs, that then outpouring,
Cause the solemn woods to thrill.

Maidens wash their virgin faces
In the Dew from May-bells white,
With it bathe their golden tresses
Till they glow with heaven's light.
To the eye bedimmed with weeping
Soothing sweet the Dew-drops are,
As it marks, a kind watch keeping,
Drenched in Dew, the morning star.

Now on me be thou descending,
O thou balm for every pain,
Rest to weary eyelids lending,
Let my heart not thirst in vain!
Give me youth my joys to lengthen,
Heavenly visions bring anew,
Still my upward glances strengthen,
Soft, refreshing morning Dew!

LUDWIG UHLAND

DdeparturE

HE leaves are floating downward,
The yellowing branches wave,
Ah! all things fair and lovely
Sink fading to the grave!

Far up on the tips of the forest
Is gleaming the sun's pale ray,
It might be the farewell kisses
Of summer fading away.

And I — for very yearning
The tears would fain flow free, —
This picture brings back the hour
That parted thee and me.

I could not choose but leave thee
And knew that thou soon must die:
Thou wast the perishing forest,
The passing summer was I.

H. Heine

AUTUMN COLORS

HE green of Spring's fresh bowers
Has tried — and tried in vain —
To turn itself to flowers,
To gold and crimson sheen.

A web embroidered over
With gold and red was seen,
But still, beneath the cover,
There strove the dusky green.

That for which Spring has striven
In vain, with quickening breath,
Has been to Autumn given
With chilly air of death.

No scattered flower-cups blowing,
No blossoms gold-bedight,
But all the woods are glowing
And every leaf is bright.

Yet when the chill blast driveth,
Their splendor falls away,
For where no green surviveth
The flowers must decay.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

A SONG OF SPRING

HE Spring laughs out on each green height;
Before her lies the earth, as bright
As if in sooth a poet's dreaming
Had ceased to be mere idle seeming.

While thus creative on the earth
The Sunlight gives to Being birth,
The heart of man, — each flower is turning
Above where holy light is burning.

When evening paints the crimson dye,
Wherein the sun must buried lie,
Contented closes every blossom,
And yearning ceases in the bosom.

From morning to the close of day,
A struggle marks the sun's bright way,
A struggle, forming fresh, dissolving,
From light pure beauty still evolving.

The sun is God's own champion bold,
Whose crest on azure field is gold,
And for the glorious work he 's doing
Each spring his strength is aye renewing.

The sun by day, the moon by night,
Must each in turn maintain its might;
The sun paints red the rose's brightness,
The moon reveals the lily's whiteness.

A sky of sapphire arches o'er
A nuptial chamber, green its floor,
The bridal rose her charms beholding
In the clear mirror there unfolding.

The flush of morning dyes her dress,
The dew begems her loveliness,
The morning wind, most bold of wooers,
Beneath her veil soft kisses showers.

The Spring proclaims high festival,
And straight appear the flowers all;
For girls the roses blush in beauty,
For boys the jasmine flowers do duty.

The violet hides with modesty,
But still sought out it fain would be;
The rose blooms forth, a glowing flower,
How could she hope concealed to cower!

Of Paradise the portals fair
Next open in the morning air;
To earth from out the East come hasting
Sweet odors that the Blest are tasting.

Thus Eden's bowers are left alone,
To earth their denizens have flown,
Where soft the Angel-host reposes
In lily-cups and hearts of roses.

Now Sovereign Spring with gentle breath
Stirs life to love, and moves e'en death;
The rugged rocks would fain be feeling
The clasping ivy o'er them stealing.

Ah, breath of Spring! delight of love!
What joy the steadfast heart must prove
To feel its love thus closely clinging
And flowery wreaths around it flinging!

Where Nature's stillness reigns around,
Where only peace and love are found, —
Where calm and silent thoughts are brooding,
Ne'er let harsh quarrels be intruding.

They will but lead the mind away,
Confused in desert wastes to stray;
They cause our every joy to vanish,
And all we love from life they banish.

Such guerdon does the world assign
Unto her own; — I rue each line
Of song, where worldly joy intruded
And praise of love has been excluded.

For love is all the poet's lore,
And love is still our being's core,
Immortal fame attends the verses
Of him whose song love's praise rehearses.

Hence, then, be folly's vain delight!
In heaven avails no earthly might;
Let Heroes, Kings, and Victors know it,
Go, find yourselves another Poet.

For love my songs shall never fail,
I 'll sing as sings the nightingale,
In tones thus from my soul uprising,
My inmost being harmonizing.

F. RÜCKERT

SONG

HAT if the bright day has departed,
With all its wealth of spring and light!
The flowers need not be sad-hearted,
Though dark and starless be the night!

For all the rays that late beamed brightly
Now weave for them the fairest dreams,

And spring-tide's joyance closed up tightly
Within their fragrant cups still beams.

Thus give thy heart to love's own gladness,
Shut all its light within thy breast,
Then, though thy night be dark with sadness,
The Spring will always be thy guest.

JULIUS STURM

PHANTOMS

I SAT and studied late, benighted,
Beside the lamp my room that lighted,
And though my eyes were weary, sore,
Still turned the pages o'er and o'er, —

When at my window came a tapping, —
I don't believe in spirit-rapping, —
And yet so high my window's range
The tapping could not but seem strange.

I peered into the night before me,
Where through the trees the moon shone o'er me;

Below the nightingale sang clear,
All else was silent everywhere.

Yet scarce again had I been seated
When straight the tapping was repeated.
I oped the window wide, that free
The tapper's entrance then might be.

And sudden through the window hurrying
Two brown and buzzing sprites came skurrying,
May-beetles, who were vexed, 't was plain,
That I within doors should remain,

Still o'er my books my brain employing,
And not be out with them, enjoying
The beauty of the mild May night,
Its fragrant flowers, its starlight bright.

J. Sturm

A WINTER NIGHT

I.

O silence all the air is chilled.
Beneath my tread the snow is creaking.
My breath is mist, my beard frost-filled,
Yet still my onward course I 'm seeking.

How solemn is the hush around!
Above the firs the moon is shining,
Their branches droop upon the ground,
As longingly toward death inclining.

Frost! freeze the heart within my breast!
Quench thou its fierce and glowing fire!
That it at last may share the rest
Which doth this winter night inspire.

II.

A wolf, deep in the forest, howls,
And, like a child its mother waking,
Rousing the night from dreams, it prowls,
Its bloody prey from darkness taking.

Across the ice and snow, a storm
Of wind in mad career is roaring,

As fain by raging to grow warm, —
Wake, heart! thy wild complaints outpouring,

Call forth thy dead from out the grave!
Rouse all the woes thy being blasting!
And bid them with the tempest rave, —
Grim playfellow, from Norland hasting!

NIKOLAUS LENAU

AUTUMN

ITH autumn tints the beechen wood is glowing
Like to a sick man when his death he neareth
The fleeting crimson on his cheek appeareth,
Sad roses these, from which no songs come flowing.

The brook flows onward, scarce we hear it bubble
Adown the vale its quiet waters leading,
As in the death-room friends go softly treading
That life's fast-fading dream they may not trouble.

The heart-sick wanderer here may be befriended
By Nature; her delights are swiftly fleeing,
She knoweth all the gloom that fills his being,
And in her plaint he too is comprehended.

N. Lenau

AUTUMN

AUTUMN is here, — the leaves are falling,
Through forests hoar the blasts wail free;
While spring and nightingales were calling
I lingered on the dreary sea.

When gentle light in heaven was glowing
In vain for me its radiance warm,
In ocean's waves no flowers were blowing,
No songs were chanted by the storm.

Thus life's young spring brought sorrow to me,
In youth's delight I had no part;
Now autumn's Farewells shiver through me
And dreams of Death possess my heart.

N. Lenau

THE POSTILION

OVELY was the mild May night,
Small clouds, silvery, tender,
Soared above, lured by delight
In the spring-tide's splendor.

Slumbering lay field and grove,
Mortals all departed,
No one save the moon above
Watched o'er streets deserted.

Whispered low the breeze alone,
Breathed o'er bud and blossom,
Spring's sweet children every one
Cradled in her bosom.

Secretly the brook stole there,
And the dreams of flowers
Shed a fragrance rich and rare
Through the silent hours.

My postilion was more rude,
Cracked his long whip proudly,
And o'er echoing hill and wood
Blew his post-horn loudly.

Wood and field in rapid flight,
Scarcely seen, were banished,
Like some fleeting dream of night
Peaceful hamlets vanished.

Bowered 'mid the pride of May
Lay a churchyard gleaming,
Luring wandering thoughts away
From all idle dreaming.

Close against the mountain side
The white wall was leaning
Whence the God, the Crucified,
Gazed in solemn meaning.

Here my driver checked his speed,
Sadly gazed, while slowly
Reining in each eager steed,
Toward the emblem holy.

"Coach and steed alike halt here,
Pray you, do not wonder,
I 've a comrade lying there
In the cold ground yonder;

"Better fellow ne'er was born,
Ah, sir, such a pity!
None like him upon the horn
Blew so clear a ditty.

"Therefore as he lies at rest,
I here, halting near him,
Blow the tune he liked the best,
For the love I bear him."

Joyful notes soared clear and shrill
Toward the churchyard, flying
To the grave upon the hill
Where his friend was lying.

Back the horn's clear tones again
From the hill came ringing.
Did the dead postilion then
Answer to its singing?

Onward now o'er hill and plain,
Slackening rein, we bounded,
Long within mine ear that strain
From the hill resounded.

N. Lenau

ANTIQUE ART

ELLENIC Art could never borrow
Of the Redeemer's light one ray,
Its authors named not depths of sorrow,
But gladly jested life away.

Yet pain, whose bonds it could not sunder,
Hellenic Art can charm to naught,
And this I hold the greatest wonder
That The Antique has ever wrought.

UNKNOWN

DAY-DAWN

HEN the morn dawns on earth,
Ere the starlight expire
I stand beside the hearth
Kindling the fire.
Bright is the ruddy glare
That the sparks borrow,
But I stand gazing there
Buried in sorrow.

Sudden it comes to me,
Oh, thou deceiver!
All through the night of thee
I have dreamed ever.
Tear after tear falls then,
From mine eyes flowing,
Here comes the day again,
Would it were going!

E. MÖRIKE

THE GIANT'S PLAYTHING

IN Alsace stands Mount Niedeck,
well known in ancient lore,
And there the Giant's castle was
seen in days of yore;
It now has gone to ruin, the ground lies waste
and bare,
And if you seek for giants you cannot find
them there.

The Giant's little daughter once stepped that
threshold o'er;
No one was there to watch her, she played
before the door,

Then wandered down the mountain into the vale below,
What might be down below there most curious to know.

With two or three quick paces she left the woods behind,
And soon she found, near Haslach, abodes of human-kind.
Trim fields she sees around her, and towns and hamlets rise;
A world both new and wondrous appears before her eyes.

And now as at her feet she casts a glance around,
She sees a peasant ploughing before her on the ground.
The tiny creature crawls about and looks so very queer,
And in the sunlight glistens the ploughshare bright and clear.

"Oh, what a pretty plaything! I 'll take it home," cries she;
And out she spreads her apron, while resting on her knee.

Up in her hands she gathers all that is moving there,
And heaps it in the apron and ties it up with care.

And then (we all know children), with merry leap and shout,
She hastens to the castle, and seeks her father out.
"I 've such a pretty plaything, O father, father dear!
We 've nothing half so charming upon our mountain here."

The old man sat at table, and drank the cooling wine;
He looks upon her kindly, and says: "O daughter mine,
What 's moving in your apron? what have you brought to me?
You 're leaping with delight, child; let 's see what it may be?"

With care she takes her apron, and spreads it out, and now
Lifts up the peasant gently, the horses and the plough;

And when upon the table so prettily it stands,
She screams aloud with pleasure, and laughs, and claps her hands.

The old man grows quite serious, and shakes his aged head:
"Oh, that is not a plaything," 't was thus he gravely said:
"Go put it where you found it, go take it quickly, go!
The peasant is no Plaything! how could you, child, think so?

"And now without a murmur, go do as I have said,
For if there were no peasants, what should we do for bread?
Why, out of peasant sinews our giant race was wrought;
The peasant is no Plaything! God keep us from the thought!"

In Alsace stands Mount Niedeck, well known in ancient lore,
And there the Giant's castle was seen in days of yore;

It now has gone to ruin, the ground lies waste
and bare,
And if you seek for giants you cannot find
them there.

ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO

SPRING AND AUTUMN

EHOLD, the spring again has waked!
To greet its darling as it may,
In garb of lovely flowers decked,
The earth has donned its best
array.

The joyous birds, inspired by love,
Pour forth rejoicings on the air,
And while with song each fills the grove
It builds its nest with busy care.

And everything lives, loves, and sings,
And aye to praise the spring is fain,
The spring, that all this rapture brings, —
But cold and silent I remain.

I grant thee, earth, thy wealth of flowers;
Sing on, ye birds, without control;

Grant me ungrudged my gloomy hours,
The grief profound that fills my soul.

For me 'tis autumn, and the blast
Chill through my fading leaves doth blow,
The glory of my boughs is past,
And in the dust my crown lies low.

CHAMISSO

THE THREE SUNS

OT always this silvery lustre
Has glittered my curls among,
A time, now indeed long vanished,
There was when I too was young.

And when I see thee, O maiden,
So young, and so rosy, and gay,
Then forth from those vanished hours
Old memories come straightway.

More fair than thy mother's mother
No mortal e'er greeted my sight,
I gazed as on sunshine upon her,
Enthralled by her young beauty's light.

And once, — how it thrilled me with rapture, —
The pressure of her fair hand!
She turned her away to another,
And I to a foreign land.

Long after I took my way homeward,
A wanderer weary and worn,
When lo! on my native horizon
Another bright sun had been born.

Yes, fairer, O maid, than thy mother
No mortal e'er greeted my sight,
I gazed as on sunshine upon her,
Enthralled by her young beauty's light.

I trembled when once her smooth forehead
To me for my kisses she gave;
She turned her away to another,
I sailed far over the wave.

And now, with its dreams and its sorrows,
My life has gone, I am old;
Returning — in heaven shining
A third bright sun I behold.

'T is thou, O fairest of maidens,
A fairer ne'er greeted my sight,

I gaze as on sunshine upon thee,
Enthralled by thy young beauty's light.

In a kiss that was born of compassion
Thy soft lips to mine thou hast pressed,
Thou turn'st to another, — soon under
The earth, in my grave, I shall rest.

CHAMISSO

MORNING IN SPRING

HEN the lambs are lightly springing,
Roses glow and skylarks soar,
Saddest hearts must then be singing,
Must, though fading, bloom once more.

He whose life is sad and dreary,
Wandering on his way forlorn,
Sings, although his heart is weary,
Songs like those from cloudland borne.

He who weeps away the hours,
Doomed in foreign lands to roam,
Hears from midst the dewy flowers
Ringing sweet the songs of home.

From the waving grain, the river,
From the heaven's azure sheen
Float melodious airs forever
O'er the woods and meadows green.

Hence, old woes! afar be driven!
Cause this heart no more annoy,
Come, ye messengers from heaven,
Dawn of morning, songs of joy!

JUSTINUS KERNER

TWO COFFINS

WO coffins 'neath its arches
The cathedral safely keeps,
In one reposes King Othmar,
In the other the minstrel sleeps.

The king once sat victorious
High on his father's throne,
His hand a sword is grasping,
His brows are bound by a crown.

Yet close by the haughty monarch
The minstrel takes his rest,
His faithful harp still lying
Upon his quiet breast.

The castles round are crumbling,
War-cries ring through the land,
The sword — it never stirreth
There in the monarch's hand.

Fragrant and gentle breezes
Float all the vale along,
The minstrel's harp is sounding
In everlasting song.

J. Kerner

SPRING

WHO scattered these white kerchiefs
That o'er the land are seen,
These white and odorous kerchiefs,
All edged with tender green?

And far above them stretches
The lofty tent of blue?
And under it spreads the carpet
That covers the field anew?

'Tis He Himself has done it,
From His kind hand all came,
The Host of earth and heaven,
Whose wealth is aye the same.

'T is He has spread the table
Within His spacious hall,
He calls all living and breathing
To spring's great festival.

Life streams from every blossom,
From every shrub and tree;
Each flowercup 's a goblet
That 's foaming fragrantly.

Ah, list His gracious summons,
"Come all that creep and fly,
Those living on earth's surface,
And those that wave-rocked lie.

"And thou my Heavenward pilgrim,
Here may'st thou sated be,
Then sink down, calm and happy,
And kneeling think of Me."

WILHELM MÜLLER

THE BRIDAL NIGHT

UICK, darting flames throughout the night
O'er heaven's vault have glimmered,
And, like some fiery pageant, light
Through all the air has shimmered.

There weighed on all things, dark and drear,
A sultriness, a dullness,
The while low thunder drawing near
Foretold the coming coolness.

The rain came dropping, warm and mild,
Like tears, repressed and burning,
The earth drank deep, but all unstilled
Was yet her ardent yearning.

But lo ! — the morning flushes fair,
So great a wonder showing, —
Bedecked with blossoms everywhere
The earth lies bright and glowing.

A Wonder ! whose has been the might
These sheaths, — shy buds arraying, —
Who tore them off in one short night,
Such loveliness displaying ?

Ah, hush! ah, hush! behold and see
The blossoms' timid blushes,
The crimson tint that tenderly
Each fresh and fair cheek flushes!

Ah, hush! and ask that bridegroom bright,
The Spring, that gallant lover,
Who came to earth upon this night;
Their wedding feast was over.

WILHELM MÜLLER

APRIL, 1844

ES, Germany is Hamlet! Lo!
Upon her ramparts every night
There stalks in darkness, grim and slow,
Her buried Freedom's steel-clad Sprite,
Beckons the warder standing there,
Accosts the shrinking doubter, saying:
"They 've dropped fell poison in mine ear,
Draw thou the sword! no more delaying!"

He listens, and his blood runs cold;
The horrid truth at length laid bare
Drives him to be the Avenger bold. —
But will he ever really dare?

He ponders, dreams, but at his need
No strengthening comes, but scruples haunting,
Aye for the prompt, courageous deed
The prompt, courageous soul is wanting.

It comes from dawdling overmuch —
Lounging and reading, — tired to death, —
Sloth holds him in its iron clutch,
He 's grown too "fat and scant of breath."
He spun his learned yarn alway,
His best of action was but thinking,
Too long in Wittenberg his stay,
Employed with lectures — or with drinking.

And so his resolution fails,
He madness feigns, thus gaining time,
Soliloquizes too, and rails,
And curses "time" and "spite" in rhyme.
A pantomime must help him, too !
And when he does fight, somewhat later —
Why, then Polonius Kotzebue
Receives the stab, and not the traitor.

And thus he bears — thus dreamily —
With secret self-contempt his pain.
He lets them send him o'er the sea
And sharp in speech comes home again;

Jeers right and left, — his hints are dark, —
  Talks of a "king of shreds and patches,"
But for a deed? God save the mark!
  No deed from all this talk he hatches.

At last he gets the purpose lacked
  And grasps the sword to keep his vow;
But ah! 't is in the final Act,
  And only serves to lay him low.
With those his hate has overcome,
  Scourging at last their black demerits,
He dies, — and then with tuck of drum
  Comes Fortinbras, and all inherits.

Thank God! we 're not yet come to this,
  The first four Acts have been played through;
See lest the parallel there is
  Be in the fifth Act borne out too.
Early and late we hope and pray:
  O Hero, come! — no more delaying,
Gird up your loins, act while you may,
  The spectre's urgent call obeying.

Oh, seize the moment, strike to-day!
  There still is time, fulfil your part,
Ere with his poisoned rapier's play
  A French Laertes find your heart.
Let not a northern army clutch
  Your rightful heritage beforehand,

Oh, look to it! I doubt me much
If this time it will come from Norland.

Resolve, and be fresh courage born!
Enter the lists, make good your boast!
Think on the oath that you have sworn;
Avenge, avenge your father's ghost!
Why ponder thus eternally? —
Yet dare I scold? I, ancient dreamer,
Am after all "a piece of" thee,
Thou ever-loitering, lingering Schemer.

F. Freiligrath

TO THE MOON

FLEE away from sunlight glowing
In thy pale, shadowy world to roam,
Refreshment streams, a fountain flowing,
Its source — thy light in heaven's dome.
Thou, o'er the hills thy glory trailing,
Art to some hidden longing kin,
The tree-tops with thy splendor veiling,
Thou hoverest the flowers' Queen.

Intrusive is day's garish splendor,
That prying, all things hid would know,

The meadows greet thee tearful, tender,
To thee confide a secret woe.
And, kissed awake by night-winds' breathing,
The quiet flowers their leaves unroll,
Shadows with shadows mingling, wreathing,
All dream-like thoughts possess the soul.

Ay, let all clear illumination
The daylight's flooding brilliance own;
A weird, presaging revelation
Is born of moonlit nights alone.
When 'neath the stars from flower to flower
The night-moth flits in twilight forth,
Then can be learned the secret power
That weaves a spell 'twixt heaven and earth.

Things firm dissolve and melt, and level
All strong unyielding barriers seem,
While all the good as well as evil
Is but the fabric of a dream, —
The proud man's scorn, the poor man's wailing,
Triumphant crime, virtue maligned, —
And with compassion, full, unfailing,
The breast is filled for human-kind.

RUDOLPH GOTTSCHALK

REMORSE

AROSE from my couch in the night,
in the night,
I could not rest quiet, and straightway
The streets with their watchmen I left in my flight.
My footfall was light in the night, in the night,
As I passed through the Gothic arched gateway.

The millstream rushed past at the foot of the height,
I leaned o'er the bridge and looked downward;
Beneath me the water was plainly in sight
Plashing soft, plashing light, in the night, in the night,
Ne'er turning, but aye speeding onward.

And over me wandered, unnumbered and bright,
The stars with their music eternal,
Among them the moon in the heavens thus bedight,

Lent a mild, chastened light in the night, in the night,
To the far-reaching splendor supernal.

I looked up on high in the night, in the night,
Looked down to the waters below me,
Oh, woe for the days so misspent in their flight!
Let thy pang be more light in the night, in the night,
Remorse! whose loud throb would undo me.

AUG. VON PLATEN

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

H, did the cheek alone grow worn
As fly the years away!
But this it is that makes me mourn,
The heart too must decay.

And when the pride of youth 's gone by,
And eyes are bright no more,
The heart where hopes were warm and high
Forgets it loved of yore.

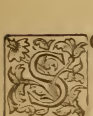
Although the lips again may dare
To utter song and jest,
'T is but the verdure false and fair
In which a grave is dressed.

Night comes,—and with the night comes pain,
Vain are our pleasures all;
The heart now yearns for tears again,
But tears come not at call.

We are so poor, — so worn our ways,
And yet we scarce know why,
We only feel the heart decays,
Our joy 's a dream gone by.

EMANUEL GEIBEL

MORNING



OFTLY dreams the summer night,
Where cool founts are flowing
I have watched the first faint light
Of the day-star glowing.

Last night through the evening air,
After its declining,
In the west a vapor rare
Golden still was shining.

Through the night it soared on high
All the north illuming,
Tinged with red the eastern sky
For the morning's coming.

Dewdrops glisten, pearl on pearl,
On the grass and flowers,
Light mists, rising as they curl,
Tell of sultry hours.

Deeper down on towers I see
Brighter light is breaking;
In the foliage fitfully
Songs of joy are waking.

Lo! from heaven a lacing streak
Through the foliage cleaving;
Day about my chin and cheek
Sunny webs is weaving.

And I see thy tissues bright
All the world enshrining,
As my heart thou fillest quite,
Golden sunlight shining.

O'er my head commingling roll
Airs and sounds most tender,
Hopes and faiths that fill the soul
Gleam in flaming splendor.

Full and free, let drink who may,
Draughts from heaven come streaming,
For anew the perfect day
Bright again is beaming!

J. G. Fischer

VISIONS

N dreams once more I found me
Beside my father's cot,
With joy I gazed around me
O'er each familiar spot.
The breezes softly sighing,
Through green leaves whispered low,
And blossom-flakes were flying
About my breast and brow.

I woke, — o'er forests beaming,
The pale moon dimly shone,
And 'neath its silver gleaming,
Behold! a land unknown.
I gazed; from tree-tops flying,
The snowflakes fluttered light,
Snow on the land was lying, —
With age my hair was white.

Josef von Eichendorff.

A SONG OF WINTER

ROUND the tree, now leafless, bare,
The cunning ivy-wreaths are twining,
They whisper dreams of springtide fair,
When health may come to all now pining.

Ah, will it come, that springtide fair,
Once more the tree in verdure wreathing?
My heart 's the tree, all leafless, bare,
The ivy in my songs is breathing.

EMIL RITTERHAUS

MYSTERIOUS HOURS

HEN autumn brings its harvests,
When spring fills all the grove,
Comes many a tender vision,
My secret soul to move.

In spring, when all the forest
Renews its foliage fair,
And winds toss snowy blossoms
And fragrance on the air, —

In spring I 'd fain be searching
For what seems lost and gone,
I know not if 't is violets,
Or eyes that brightly shone.

In autumn, when the heavens
Glow in my beaker bright,
And to the south the swallow
First wings his airy flight, —
In autumn fain I 'd ponder
On all the days of yore:
On sunny youth now vanished?
On joys that are no more?

GEORG VON OERTZEN

SPRING YEARNINGS

CARCE blue once more the skies are seen
When forth to fare again I 'm yearning,
At morn allure the meadows green,
At eve the stars in heaven burning.

How fresh they are! how full of cheer, —
Far o'er the land the spring winds blowing;

To heaven arise in evening clear
The spires and roofs in sunset glowing.

Within me, longing, trembling, throng
Mysterious tones by thousands surging,
As if, borne on the lark's clear song,
My soul its course would fain be urging.

Ah, love of roving! scorn of rest!
Elsewhere to wander ever striving,
Thou only free'st the mortal breast,
Thou only giv'st the joy of living.

KARL ELZE

WESTWARD!

THE day declines, the sun sinks low,
Forest and hills are gleaming, —
Through clouds with gorgeous tints aglow
The farewell rays are streaming.
A yearning wakens as the splendor falls;
Ah, how it lures and calls:
Westward!

A night of woe and wailing,
Here, round us closes cold the night,
The silver moon, the stars' soft light
Black, scurrying clouds are veiling.
Oppression, phantom-like the soul appalls,
And Freedom flees and calls:
Westward!

For Westward lies the sacred sea
Whereon the ships are tossing,
While o'er its billows steadily
The wandering birds are crossing.
A vision, bright with hope, the heart enthralls;
Ah, how it lures and calls:
Westward!

Beyond the sea, in that far land,
Primeval grove and river
Their Maker's praise from strand to strand
Chant gloriously forever;
And breath of freemen through the free air falls;
Ah, how it lures and calls:
Westward!

KARL ELZE

BEAUTY

AR o'er the snowcapped mountain plays
The golden sun of morning,
The jewels of its brilliant rays
Its royal brows adorning.

Ah, world, how fair art thou to sight,
In early morning beaming,
When beauty wakes on every height,
And in each vale lies dreaming.

To beauty's radiant behest
The blue depths yield obedience,
The russet East, the glowing West,
To her own due allegiance.

The birds, to bring her greetings sweet,
Aloft, towards heaven are flying,
While decked in smiles, low at her feet
The whole broad earth is lying.

Sweet girls, fair dames, a beauteous band,
As priestesses attend her,
While, warders on her ramparts, stand
Brave gallants to defend her.

Ah, light of beauty! Thy warm kiss
A rapturous awe inspires;
As in the eyes of love, the bliss
I find in sunlight's fires.

JULIUS VON RODENBERG

BEFORE SUNRISE

HEN the shades of night are flying
Ere the East is flushed with red,
Lo! the mountain lake is lying
Grave and gloomy, black and dead.

Cold, gray rocks lie scattered round it,
'Midst them rise the hemlocks hoar,
Dun and marshy meadows bound it,
Flat and sedgy is its shore.

Though no bird as yet is singing,
In my dreams this desert bare
Is with song already ringing,
And the sunshine fills the air.

ADOLPH BUBE

EVENING BY THE SEA

SEA, 'neath evening's light
Beside thy quiet shore
My bitter woe takes flight,
I feel at peace once more.

The heart forgets again
The strife with which 't was filled,
And every cry of pain
To melody is stilled.

Scarce is the soul's calm rest
Stirred by a gentle woe,
As o'er the sea's smooth breast
A white-sailed ship may go.

ALFRED MEISSNER

THE IMPRISONED ADMIRAL

IS three-and-thirty years to-day
Since last I saw the main,
Still stands this tower unchanged alway,
Here ever is my chain;

For they have pent the Admiral
Far from the light of day,
Save for a loop-hole in the wall
Whence falls a feeble ray.
'T is not the blackness of my days
That so oppresses me,
As that on thee I cannot gaze,
My sacred, deep-blue sea.

I cannot hear the breakers dash,
Nor the sea-mew shrieking shrill,
And if my fetters did not clash
All would be deathly still.
They built the tower far from shore,
Where not a wave is heard,
No boatswain pipes, no tempests roar,
No shot the blast e'er stirred.
'T is not the silence of night around
That so oppresses me,
'T is that I cannot hear thy sound,
My deep loud-thundering sea!

My shrivelling form is bent and old,
My veins are parched and dry,
My hands shall ne'er the matchlock hold,
Or battle-axe swing on high.
The flag up to the top-mast runs,
Her broadside full is shown,

And when my brave lads point the guns
The devil claims his own.
Not that I waste in dungeon night
Now so oppresses me,
As that on thee I cannot fight,
My battle-belabored sea!

Ha! up and at them! — board the wreck!
Once more your shot let fall!
Ha! ship to ship and deck to deck!
And I the Admiral!
To fall in fight thus, hand to hand!
Here, sick and worn I lie,
To languish like a fish on land,
And like a dog to die!
Not wasting, inch by inch, my rest
Of life so tortures me,
As not to die on thy broad breast,
My own oft-conquered sea.

The vessel mourns, — and sadly flaps
Her sail, a widowed dame,
While for a pall the flag enwraps
The hero's mortal frame;
In the sea it sinks from its mirrored breast
That trembles in sacred dread,
Whilst I deep buried in earth must rest,
With never a shot o'er my head.

Not life forespent in dungeon deep
Now so oppresses me,
As that in Thy arms I may not sleep,
Thou hero's grave — my Sea!

MORITZ, GRAF STRACHWITZ

THE SUNLIGHT'S GOLDEN GLOW

HAT clothes the earth in light afresh,
Bids nature's incense rise,
And makes the simplest verdant field
A robe of gorgeous dyes? —
Turns pebbles into precious stones,
To pearls the brook's clear flow,
And brightly lies on all the earth? —
The sunlight's golden glow.

Ah, doubly happy he for whom
Life's sunlight also glows,
Who, free to wander where he will,
Through field and forest goes.
And as the lark exulting soars,
Repeats the song below,
For brightly lies on all the earth
The sunlight's golden glow.

And though thy day-star sink in gloom,
Though all within be night,
Ah, look abroad o'er God's fair realm,
Where all is gay and bright;
And light will shine within that heart
Which grief has stricken low,
When brightly lies on all the earth
The sunlight's golden glow.

EMIL SCHERENBERG

SUMMER NIGHT

THE garish day afar is driven,
The quiet night around us lies,
And in the spacious vault of heaven
A thousand twinkling stars arise.
And where the earth and sky uniting
Present a misty, cloud-like band,
The silver moon is mildly lighting
With gentle ray the dusky land.

In all the air a blessing hovers,
It speeds abroad the wide world through,
Like gentlest kiss of happy lovers,
When heart to heart makes answer true.

In fervent prayer to heaven ascending,
It rises as on angels' wings,
And o'er some distant dear one bending
Sweet cradling songs of love it sings.

While thus abroad its way 't is winging,
All fain its messenger would be,
The birds proclaim it in their singing,
'T is told by every rustling tree.
It flashes in the heavens o'er us,
And on the earth, both near and far,
The streams begin to gleam before us,
While star is telling it to star.

Ah, night, in which such spirits meet us,
In silver moonlight, summer air!
Ah, night, in which such voices greet us,
Wafted from blossoms everywhere!
Ah, summer night, so restful ever!
So rich in peace, from heaven above!
Though distance two fond hearts may sever,
Thou wilt unite them both in love.

ROBERT REINICK

OPENING SPRING

O ! the Spring is reappearing !
Fresh young leaves and sunshine bright,
Every ear her voice is hearing,
Every eye drinks in her light.
All is blossoming and blowing,
Boughs are waving, brooks are flowing,
And the heart lies open wide,
Springtime ! Springtime ! Golden tide !

From the very rocks outpouring
Songs of spring fly forth, away
O'er the streams and meadows soaring,
O'er the hills with blossoms gay.
Here at home must I be staying
Though abroad I 'd fain be straying,
Yet while arches blue the sky,
I will sing, sing joyously.

Whatsoe'er may be denied me,
Wheresoe'er by fate I 'm thrown,
Whether weal or woe betide me,
These, I know, I still may own : —

Courage high, a soul unshaken,
And a heart where songs awaken,
Love of what to life belongs,
Golden life, poured forth in songs.

OTTO ROQUETTE

Jul 1908

MRS ANNIS LEE WISTER, who won a place in American letters by her translations of German novels, died in Wallingford, a Philadelphia suburb, Sunday, having entered upon her 79th year. Mrs Wister was daughter of Rev William Henry Furness, a noted Unitarian minister, a leading abolitionist in his day, and so a sister of Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespeare scholar, with whom she had lived of late years. She married a physician and naturalist, Dr Caspar Wister, who died in 1886. Owen Wister, the novelist, was her nephew, his father having been Owen Jones Wister. Her remarkable faculty in rendering German sentiment with so absolute a sympathy that her translations read like original writings, places her apart from most of those who have introduced to America the novelists of Germany in the middle of the 19th century. Especially she gained immediate acceptance for herself as well as for "E. Marlitt" (whose real name was Eugenia John), with whose German romantic genius she fairly identified her own. "The Old Mam'selle's Secret" captivated all readers with a touch of that peculiar charm, and "Gold Elsie," "Countess Gisela," "The Little Moorland Princess" and "The Second Wife," were chief among her great number of translations. To those who feel this intimate vein of sentiment, these books are constant delights; and they are read over and over again. But many other German novelists are represented in her translations; among them Heimburg, Moritz von Reichenbach, Claire von Glumer, Adolph Streckfuss, F. Lewald, E. Werner and Georg Dannenburg. In all, her translations, published in one large collection, number more than 30 volumes. While the greatest part of these are fiction, she also was associated with Prof F. H. Hedge of Harvard in "Metrical Translations and Poems," and she rendered into English "Aphorisms from Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach."